

Pale Blue Lace by Yikes_Writes

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Bad Writing, Billy Hargrove's very gay way of bullying Steve Harrington, Blow Jobs, Bullying, Idiots in Love, Lingerie, M/M, Makeup, Panties, Smut, like a year ago lmao, tumblr saw it first, very old ficlets i decided should be on here

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Summary:

Billy gives Steve a wedgie and finds out Steve wears panties underneath those tight jeans of his.

Steve's scared Billy's gonna tell the whole school, but Billy's got a better idea.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Totally forgot about these that I wrote on tumblr about a year ago and figured they would enjoy having a home here.

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Billy has Steve cornered in the locker room.

They had been tossing insults back and forth during practice, Steve stalling as the other boys showered and changed, Billy just riling Steve up.

Billy had been pushing into his space, poking him in the chest.

And then he reached around Steve, dipping his hands in the back of his gym shorts. He grabbed the waistband of Steve's underwear and stopped.

"Holy *shit*, Harrington." He shifted, pulling Steve's shorts down.

He was wearing soft panties, pale blue lace.

"Hargr-Billy you can *not* tell anyone." Steve pushed Billy away, pulling his shorts back on. His eyes were wide as he stared at Billy, his face flushed. "Look, I know you *hate* me, but this, this could, could *ruin* me."

His hands were fidgeting, *nervous*.

"Listen, Harrington. I won't tell anyone if *you* let me see you in more 'a those little panties." Steve was looking at the wall over Billy's shoulder.

"If you're making *fun* of me-"

“No, Pretty Boy. These are *hot*.” He skimmed his fingers in the band of his shorts, just brushing the top of the little panties. “You show me your daily little lingerie, and I won’t tell.”

“Okay.” Steve breathed out. He closed his eyes, tugging off his shirt. He pushed down his shorts, revealing the intricate lace again.

Billy brushed his hands over his hips.

“Turn around.” Steve turned to the wall. Billy’s hands skimmed his ass, the lace panties sitting so pretty on his perfect little butt. “So, *gorgeous*. Can’t wait to see tomorrow’s.”

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

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“Alright, Harrington.”

Billy had grabbed Steve’s arm in the middle of passing period, had tugged Steve into a janitors closet, standing against the door to make sure no one came in.

“Pretty sure you *owe me* somethin’.” Steve rolled his eyes, but his cheeks were flushed.

“God, *fine* Hargrove.” He sighed, throwing his bag down and fumbling with his belt. He tugged down his jeans, standing with his arms crossed, staring at the wall.

Today’s panties were dark red, silky and pretty with lace trim.

“Oh, *shit*. You put these on *just* for me?” Billy was staring at him, licked along his bottom lip. “You look so *pretty* in red. Steve huffed. Bending down to pull his jeans back up, shoving Billy away from the door to walk out.

The next pair were light purple, cotton and soft looking. Billy ran a knuckle over his hip.

“Cute.”

Next were black, all lace and *see through*. Billy couldn’t *stop* himself from running soft fingers over his ass.

“I *love* these ones.”

Then dark blue, silk with a little black bow in the front. Billy could *not* stop touching those, snapped the waistband on them, licked his lips.

Steve found himself kinda, *liking* the attention.

The way Billy's eyes would go *dark* when he saw Steve standing there. He had to go out and buy *more*, got some based on the ones Billy had *really* fawned over. He also started, *branching out*.

Steve had begun wearing panties when he was still with Nancy. She had left a pair one night, slipped out of her overnight bag and he *curious*. They were white cotton, had little bumblebees on them. He put them on and just, *loved* it. So he began wearing them *under* his boxers, traded them out entirely after some time.

He had *never* told anyone about the panties, and his heart had *stopped* when Billy discovered them, but he found them to be, *pleasing*, kept asking Steve to show him *more*.

The first day Steve wore garters and *stockings* under his jeans, Billy nearly came in his pants. He did it on a day they didn't have gym, a day when Billy had locked them in a bathroom during class.

He told Billy to close his eyes, had stripped off *completely*, standing in the bathroom in dark blue lace, matching garter belt, black stockings.

Billy had *choked* when he opened his eyes, running a hand up the buttery soft stockings, had turned Steve around and *groped* him, *completely*. He spread his cheeks, released them and watched the panties gather between them, showing off even *more* of his pale skin. Billy wanted to *bite* the mole he found on his right asscheek.

It had been nearly three weeks of panties when Billy showed up on his front doorstep.

Steve had been jamming out, in a pair of light forest green panties and a big sweatshirt. The pounding on his door nearly made him jump out of his skin as he looked out the front window, seeing the Camaro out front.

"Hi, what are you, what are you doing here?" Billy's eyes zeroed in on the edge of the sweatshirt, just brushing the tops of his thighs. Billy pushed his way inside.

"Wanted to see today's little treat." He pulled up the sweatshirt, his hand spreading over Steve's hip. "Green's my favorite color."

He pushed Steve against the wall, kissing him *deeply*, licking into his mouth, one hand still up the sweatshirt, toying with the panties. He reached under Steve's ass, lifting him up, Steve's legs wrapping around his waist.

"My bedroom's upstairs, to the left." He was all breathy, making soft little noises against Billy's lips. Billy carried him up the stairs, going left and tossing Steve onto the bed.

"*Jesus*, Harrington. What's with the *plaid*?" Billy looked around the room, pulling a face.

"Yeah my mom did it. I *know* its bad." Steve was wiggling out of the sweatshirt, moving to take off the panties before Billy stopped him.

"Nah, Pretty Boy. Wanna fuck you *in* them." Steve's eyes were dark.

"What are you waiting for, then?" Billy grinned. he stripped slowly, Steve's dark eyes tracking every movement, every patch of tan skin he revealed. Steve's eyes went *wide* as Billy tossed away his jeans, his cock hard against his stomach.

Billy grabbed his hips, rolled him over onto his hands and knees, looking at Steve's ass. He pressed a kiss to the base of his spine, hooking one finger into the leg hole, shifting it over to expose Steve.

He dove in, licking around his rim, shoving his tongue inside, sucking and scraping his teeth along the sensitive skin.

Steve gasped at the first slick feeling of Billy's tongue, the feeling of *spit* dripping down his perineum.

Billy kept lapping at him, pressed a finger inside, licking around it at his rim.

Steve was hard in the little panties, the head of his dick poking out of the waistband.

"You got lube?" Billy's voice was low, two fingers prodding at his hole. Steve just pointed at the bedside table. He rummages around for a minute, found a bottle of lube, and a few skin mags. Billy got distracted, thumbing through the stack, found a few gay ones mixed

in with the girls.

“Are you gonna whack off to my nudie mags, or are you gonna *fuck me*?” Billy rolled his eyes, turned around to see Steve propped up on one elbow, his ass in the air, hips swaying side to side.

“Depends. You gonna be a bitch the *whole* time?” Steve pursed his lips, raised one eyebrow.

“Like you wouldn’t *love* that.” Billy smirked. He positioned himself back behind Steve. Steve was looking at him over his shoulder, watching him *darkly*.

Billy made a show of lubing up two of his fingers, rubbing them *slowly* over his hole. He pressed them *in*.

Steve sighed as they pushed inside, stretching him open. He pressed *down*, made Steve moan, arch his back, push his hips back onto Billy’s fingers.

“You’re *so* fucking hot, Harrington. All these goddamn *panties*, look so *pretty*.” He pushed in another finger. Steve *whined*.

Billy bit his lip. He was so fucking *loud*, was making Billy even *harder*.

“*Jesus*, Harrington. You sound like a fucking *girl*.” He pulled out his fingers, running them along his cock to spread the lube. He lined himself up, shoving into Steve.

“Oh, *fuck*, Billy.” He flopped down onto the bed, no longer supporting his head with his arm.

And then he started *fucking himself* on Billy’s cock.

He was rocking his hips back, slamming his ass onto Billy’s hips. Billy just kneeled there, letting Steve *use him*, watched the way his ass *moved*.

“You’re a fucking *slut*, Harrington.” His voice was breathier than he would’ve liked.

"I *want* what I *want*." He punctuated his words with slams of his hips, making Billy choke out.

"Holy *shit*, Princess." Billy just held on to Steve's hips, let him go.

Steve pulled his cock out of the little panties, started stroking himself *hard* and *fast*. He cried out, arching his back as he came all over the sheets, tightening around Billy, bucking his hips.

"Oh, *fuck*." Billy slammed deeper, cumming *inside* Steve. He pulled out, *carefully* straightening the panties. Steve flopped onto his side, watched as Billy got dressed.

"I'll be back to see tomorrow's." He winked at Steve, throwing his jacket over his shoulder as he left.

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

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“Can you *not* smoke in my bed?”

Billy just looked at him, took another deep drag. Steve rolled his eyes.

“If I eat your ass like it’s fucking *candy*, I get to smoke in your bed.”

“*Don’t* act like you don’t fucking *love* doing that.” Steve stood up, pulling his panties back on.

Billy had stated coming over every weekend, most days after school to *look*, stare at Steve in his panties, fuck him *senseless* in his panties.

He’s begun *staying* after they’ve fucked, not just getting dressed and leaving. He’ll stay and smoke, just shoot the shit casually, lounge around in Steve’s bed like he fuckin’ *owns* the place.

“I brought you somethin’.” Steve just looked at him.

“Wait you, you got me a present?” Billy shrugged not looking at him.

“Jacket pocket.”

He doesn’t know *why* he bought them. He just saw them while he was sulking around the mall behind Max and her little friend El, had ducked into the place to buy them quickly.

He just thought the color would be so *perfect* on Steve.

Steve just stared at them.

They were sky blue lace, cut high on the ass. Steve pushed off the pair he was wearing, and tugged them on.

He stared at Billy over his shoulder, pouting *just* a bit.

“Fuck, I was *right*.” Billy sat up *slowly*, eyes trained on Steve’s ass. “That’s *such* a good color on you.” Steve turned back around, walking slowly towards him.

“You saw these, and just pictured *this*.” He sat on Billy’s lap, swinging one leg over his hips. Billy’s hands came to his hips, each index finger curling just slightly into the waistband.

“*Fuck*, yeah.” Steve ground his hips down onto Billy’s.

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Billy started bringing *more* lingerie.

He brought Steve a pair of stockings, trimmed with lace at the tops. Brought him a full set of creamy pink satin panties, garter belt, and even a flimsy little bra.

He would have Steve model them, have him put them on and pose on the bed for him.

And then came the makeup.

It started with lipstick. Just a light pink close to Steve’s natural color.

He swiped it on for him, had him sit there with his mouth open *just* a bit as Billy carefully swiped the lipstick on.

He made Steve ride him, kept *watching* those pretty lips.

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And there was jewelry.

It started with a strong of pearls.

They were layered and long, just costume jewelry, glass beads painted like iridescent pearls.

He put it on with a baby pink slip, added some light makeup. Billy sat back and watched as he fingered himself. He tangled one hand in the pearls, really put on a *show*.

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And then Billy presented him with a thin gold ring.

“I found it the other day. It doesn’t fit me, but your fingers are so thin.”

It was *pretty*, very delicate. Two thin pieces swirling together.

“Thank you. It’s really pretty.” He slid the ring on his middle finger. It fit him *perfectly*.

“It was my mom’s. I have some of her stuff laying around. The color looks nice on you.”

Steve was frozen, just *staring*.

“It was, it was your *mom’s*?”

“Yeah. But I mean, I have *lots* of her stuff. She didn’t take most of her jewelry when she left. You can have that.”

Steve was twisting it around his finger.

“Thank you, Billy. It’s really beautiful.” He blinked up at Billy with those big eyes of his.

They had kissed before. It was natural to kiss during sex.

But they had *never* kissed like *this*.

It was *soft*. Billy’s hands were on either side of Steve’s face, Steve’s fingers curling into his shirt.

It was *slow*. They just took their time, feeling the others lips.

Steve’s opened his eyes slowly when they pulled away from one another.

“You’re so *beautiful*.” Billy was still holding onto his face. “I *love* getting to look at you.”

“I like it when you look at me. I like it when you give me things, and,

and when you're so *soft*. When you touch me like I, like I *mean something*."

Billy kissed each of his cheeks.

"You mean more than you know, Pretty Boy."

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

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After the ring, it was a natural progression to become something *more*.

There were already having *plenty* of sex, already spending more time together than not, the only thing really left was *letting* themselves be *emotionally* intimate.

Which, they were working on. But sometimes, Billy found it *easy* to talk to Steve, knew he wouldn't judge him or laugh at him or do *anything* besides kiss him.

So they were doing well.

But Billy *still* insisted they had a *deal*. Made Steve show him his panties *every single day*.

But at this point, Steve *loved* the attention.

Loved the way Billy's eyes would glaze over when he would tug off his clothes, show off pretty lace and smooth satin.

And Billy *loved* getting him pretty things to add to the collection.

He would come to Steve's place with panties, or jewelry, or make up for him. And Steve felt, well he felt like a sugar baby. And he wasn't mad at that feeling.

So when Billy brought a box to him one Saturday evening, from some *nice* place in the city, Steve felt like a fucking *princess*.

"What's the occasion?" Steve pushed the pink satin ribbon off the box, no doubt tied on by a saleswoman with a sensible haircut.

"I need on occasion to buy you somethin' pretty?"

“No, but this is more than pretty. I *know* this store. This is *nice*.”

“Yeah, well, thought you deserved something nicer than the usual stuff.”

Steve gave him a look through his lashes, opening the box.

It was a *beautiful* set. Cream satin, soft and buttery.

There were several pieces, all vintage looking and *pretty*.

There was a bra, a few pairs of panties, garter belt and stockings. There were also a few other pieces, a matching slip, a pretty babydoll.

“Jesus, Billy. How *much* was all this?”

“Don’t worry ‘bout it. Just wanted to treat you.” Steve leaned over the table, kissing Billy softly.

“Thank you, Bill. Gimme like, half an hour.”

He took the box, racing up the stairs.

He put on some make up, just light, something to fit the pinup feel of the lingerie, eyeliner and lipstick.

He stripped down, fingered himself for a few minutes, getting himself lubed and opened up, *ready* for Billy.

He put on the matching set, the panties had a few ruffles on the butt, made of the same silky material. The garter belt was the same satin, had a peplum ruffle around the waist. The bra had the same ruffle trimming each cup. The stockings were nude, had a seam up the back of each leg.

He put on the pearls Billy had bought him, the floral perfume that had been a gift a few wees ago.

And finished it all off with Billy’s brown leather jacket.

He came down the stairs quietly, found Billy sitting on his front

porch. There were a few stubbed out cigarettes next to him. Steve opened the door as quietly as he could, posing with one leg cocked, leaned against the door frame.

“Bill,” he kept his voice soft.

Billy turned around, choking on the smoke in his lungs when he saw Steve.

“Holy *shit*,” Billy managed to say through his coughs.

Steve turned around, looking back over his shoulder.

“You coming?” Billy stubbed out his cigarette, stumbling blindly up the into the house behind him.

Steve turned, wrapping his arms around Billy’s shoulders. Billy’s fingers skimmed over his hips, up under his jacket.

“So beautiful.” He nosed along Steve’s neck, smelling the sweet perfume. “You’re perfect.”

“How you want me?”

“*Jesus*, any way. Literally any way at all.”

Steve took his hand, leading him into the kitchen. He pushed himself to sit on the counter, spreading his legs enough for Billy to slot between them. He was holding onto his hips, drinking in his body in the nice lingerie.

“You should wear my clothes more often. Look *so sexy*, Baby.” Steve threw his head back when Billy attacked his neck, sucking a good sized bruise onto the side of it.

“Bring some shit over, then. Let me play dress up in boyfriend’s clothes.” Billy huffed a laugh, his breath hot against Steve’s neck. “Let me put ‘em on just so you can take it all off.”

“Oh, Sweet Thing. Gonna leave this jacket *on*. Gonna fuck you lookin’ *just* like this.”

Steve moaned a little when Billy went back to suckin' his neck. He spread his legs a little more, let Billy press up against him.

"Love it when your dick gets hard in your pretty little panties," he rasped in Steve's ear, grinding their hips together. "Look *so good*." He pulled back a little, looked at the outline of his dick in the panties, the tip of it flushed red, peaking over the top of the top of the panties.

Billy ducked down, pressing a kiss to the head of his dick, sucking the shaft through the panties.

"Oh *fuck*." Steve tangled his fingers in Billy's hair, holding his weight up with one hand braced behind him.

Billy mouthed along his dick, leaving a wet patch on the front of the panties.

"Bill, want you to *fuck me*. Want your cock, *Billy*." He was whining, knew Billy *loved* it when he got *needy*.

"You need prep?"

"No, did it myself. For you." Billy grinned at him, pressing another wet kiss to the tip of his dick before standing up.

He took one of Steve's legs, tossing it over his shoulder, pressing a kiss to the inside of his knee, undoing his belt.

He shifted Steve's panties, pulling them to the side to display his hole.

He lined up, watching as he pushed in, the way Steve stretched open around him, sucked him in.

"You're so perfect. Take me so well." Steve had his head thrown back, was painting heavily. Billy's jacket had slipped off one shoulder, revealing more of his pretty bra, the strings of pearls.

Billy wrapped his arm around Steve's hips, holding him in place while he began to buck his hips, start fucking into Steve properly.

Steve braced his weight on his hands behind him.

“Billy, *fuck*, go *faster*.” Billy scraped his teeth along Steve’s jaw, picking up the pace.

“Absolutely fuckin’ *beautiful*, Stevie.” Steve let his weight drop, laying back on the counter, his arms over his head.

The jacket was open, showing off the pretty lingerie, his lips were painted red. Billy was gonna *lose it*.

“Baby, I’m *close*. Want you to cum first. Wanna watch.” He shoved down the panties enough to get at Steve’s cock, stroke him off *fast*.

“Bill, I, don’t get any on the lingerie. Don’t wanna, don’t wanna *ruin it*.” Steve’s voice went all breathy as he came, getting spunk all over Billy’s hand, his t-shirt.

Billy gave a few last bucks of his hips, filling Steve with his cum.

Billy let his leg fall off his shoulder, leaning forward to kiss his chest, moving up to connect their lips.

“You’re perfect.” Steve bat him away.

“Yeah, I fuckin’ *know*. Go get me a towel. Your cum’s *literally* dripping out of me.” Billy groaned.

“Ooh, *Baby*. Gonna get me goin’ again.” Steve rolled his eyes.

“Towel. Now. Or no panties tomorrow.” Billy whined. “I *mean it*.” He huffed, pushing off Steve to get a dish towel, cleaning him up gently.

“You gonna model the other stuff for me? Had a few other outfits in there.”

“Yeah, but no more fuckin’. I’m still sore from *Wednesday*.” Billy grinned, tucking his dick back into his jeans.

They had gone *hard* Wednesday, had fucked for *hours* all over Steve’s house, and *twice* in the Camaro.

Steve slid off the counter, readjusting the panties. Billy watched his ass as he slunk to the stairway. He looked over his shoulder, the jacket falling back down off of it.

“You comin’?”

“Just did.”